army began to fade away. As on other fronts, regiment after regiment left its positions. The Army Command tried to replace the fleeing troops with Armenian and Georgian volunteers, but the Communists launched a violent campaign against the native Caucasians, calling on Russian soldiers to blow up the munitions dumps or hand them over to their brothers, the Turkish soldiers—to help them fight their own ruling classes—rather than leave arms to the Armenian and Georgian imperialists.

When the Caucasian front had been reduced to a flimsy screen of poorly equipped and untrained men, the Turks opened an offensive, under pretext of protecting local Moslems from the Armenians. The front line was pushed back to the prewar Russian frontier. The Moslems burned down Armenian villages, and the Armenians retaliated where they could by massacring the Tartars.

After the Communists had signed the separate peace treaty at Brest-Litovsk, ceding two Armenian districts and Batum to the enemy, the Turkish Military High Command ordered the Transcaucasian Commissariat to evacuate their areas. Turkey was then only beginning to transform itself from an oriental despotism to a modern nation and was still the land of bloody sultans to its neighbors, the non-Moslem peoples of Transcaucasia. For the Armenians, resistance to the Turks was a fight for life. For the Georgians, the situation was less desperate, but they were facing the imminent loss of their only commercial port and realized they had only a slim chance against the Ottoman army. That is why the volunteers in Batum sang the *Marseillaise* as though it were their last prayer.

Despite the difficult political situation in Transcaucasia, Tiflis looked like any other southern city, full of sun and flowers. It was the main cultural and political center of the region. The palace of the former Viceroy, the Tsar's uncle, Grand Duke Nicholas, was now the seat of the Transcaucasian government. The government's pillars were the Georgian S-D party and the Soviet of Tiflis. The head of the party, Noy Jordania, was also chairman of the Soviet.

My recollections of Tiflis are inseparable from the memory of this man. I had met him occasionally in Petrograd and Finland after the first revolution, but he had not impressed me. In Georgia he looked taller, his voice was stronger, and a slight stammer added weight to his words. There seemed to be the halo of the tribal prophet around his majestic head with its thin gray hair and full beard. Indeed, he was more than the head of a political party. He was the uncontested leader of his small nation, surrounded by love and devotion, and the remarkable unity of the Georgian people stemmed largely from his influence.